

THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY JOHN TIMBS, THIRTEEN YEARS EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR," AND "LITERARY WORLD."

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[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE EDITOR TO HIS READERS.

HAVING completed a Volume of "THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," I request your attention to a brief retrospect of the means by which I have sought to carry out the improvements in this Miscellany, proposed at the commencement of my undertaking.

In the Publisher's announcement of the change in the Editorship of THE JOURNAL, in December last, it was promised that especial attention should be paid to the *advancement in the tone of its Literature*; and, a month later, in a Prospectus freely circulated among "friends fast sworn," I wrote as follows:

"I rejoice to add that I have already received so many 'lines of fair encouragement,' and such assurances of the interest taken in my new enterprise, as to leave no doubt of its success. I promise, in return, all that untiring industry, on my part and that of my *collaborateurs*, can secure for your intellectual gratification. Originality and freshness of subject shall be the staple of 'THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL;' integrity the cardinal point of its criticism; and the improvement of the heart as well as the head the characteristic of every column.

January 29, 1842."

In attempting to fulfil these promises, I have been essentially aided by several accomplished hands; and for such assistance I have to tender my best acknowledgments. Their Contributions, in prose and verse, occupy more than one-fourth of the volume of THE JOURNAL, just completed; and many of these papers are distinguished by such talent and feeling, as would grace the pages of any literary miscellany in the country.

Of my own Editorial papers, extending to nearly half the volume, it becomes me to speak with more hesitation. I may, however, be permitted to refer to the main design of these labours, and to leave their execution to public opinion. In the Illustrated Articles, I have aimed at "originality and freshness of subject;" though, in seeking novelty and amusement, I trust that I have not overlooked utility and information; and, it may be observed, that I have rather avoided than followed any taste for false wit or flimsy humour; however these extrinsic qualities might, for a time, "set the table on a roar," and prove attractive to a section of readers. On the other hand, I have striven to encourage healthy tones of thought and mental gratification, though not at the expense of morality, or the charge of dulness.

I can conscientiously refer to the *Reviews of New Books* in THE JOURNAL, for their honesty; and, although it is, by no means, impracticable to turn a bad book to good account by an exposure of its errors, in no instance has this plan been invidiously followed. Unattached to any *clique*, or party, and possessing fewer literary intimacies than the majority of persons who have moved in the world of letters for nearly two-thirds of their life-time, which has been my lot—the Reader may rest assured that, in my critical columns, neither the good opinions are the fruits of favouritism, nor the objections the result of invidiousness—but the praise and censure are alike the offspring of conviction. I have reason to believe these exertions have been amply appreciated; and, to give still more effect to this department of THE JOURNAL, as well as to raise its general literary character, I have, after much consideration, resolved, in future, to hold the Illustrations as incidental or secondary to the work; or, in other words, to discontinue the usual frontispiece Engraving, and occupy its place with more sterling matter. It is certain that Pictorial embellishment is not, in every case, indispensable to success; and, in this instance, I am persuaded that the time and cost requisite to produce an Engraving for each Number, may be more advantageously employed in multiplying its literary attractions; and the change will, I trust, prove to the interest of every Reader.

It is gratifying to find that from the testimonials, public and private, of the conduct of THE JOURNAL during the past six months, I am justified in the anticipation of its continued prosperity; although I am not disposed to imitate the full-blown vanity of printing any of these praises in polyglot. Approbation of the past will, however, I trust, be no mean security for the satisfactory performance of the future.

J. T.

June 23, 1842."

*• In reply to several kindly communications respecting the *res repetita* of a Journal lately under my control, it should be understood that my connexion with the Miscellany in question, ceased in July last.

JACK GRAB.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

ALMOST every town and village has its "unclaimed house," which is generally some dilapidated mansion that has been in Chancery since the memory of the oldest man in the village. Those who originally laid claim to the property have died off, until the building seems to have given itself up in very despair of ever having another owner, or only promising, at best, the victor at law a heap of ruins for his reward. Such a mansion have we in

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Warton Woodhouse,—every door and window having long ago shaken off the guardianship of lock and bolt, and rendered ingress and egress easy at all seasons. It had long been the shelter of the houseless beggar, the stray donkey, the homeless dog, and the play-ground of the village children in wet weather,—by turns, stable, cow-house, and pig-sty, until at last it was thought too insecure even for purposes like these. Just before it had all but become

"The raven's bleak abode,
The apartment of the toad,"

B

it was taken possession of by the well-known John Grapple, who was celebrated far and wide under the cognomen of Jack Grab. Jack was a collector of bones, rags, bits of iron, rupe, broken glass, broken spoons,—in a word, of almost every thing that every body threw away. Sometimes he would pick up a little waste tin, and, gathering the wool from the gorse bushes and hedges, manufacture a curious kind of unnatural-looking lamb, such as would have fetched any money had it been possible to produce “its living like.” With a basket full of such things as those he would visit the neighbouring villages, singing,

“If I’d as much money as I could tell,
I wouldn’t cry out, young lambs to sell—
Young lambs to sell.”

Many a mother has missed her pewter spoons during these peregrinations of Jack; for the children would cry for the lambs, and if their parents had neither bottle nor broken spoon to give, how easy was it for him to break them! nay, rumour said that he was not particular as to cramming them into his bag whole, and would receive any kind of linen, for old rags, which the youngsters brought him, without inquiring whether it had been filched from the drawer or off the hedge. Jack, be it known, was an arrant miser, a regular old “skin-flint” and “scrat;” one who would punish his belly a long summer’s day to save a halfpenny. How he had ever managed to reconcile his conscience to pay Betty Coles sixpence a week for a room and the use of her back-yard, to keep his stores in, was to me a matter of mystery, so long as that old house had been without an occupant. However, he did it; although the old woman declared that it was like parting with six of his teeth, and he had seldom either bit or sup on rent day.

What visions of wealth floated before the eyes of the old miser on the evening that he took up his residence in the old house! “Ah,” said he to the old gardener, who had lent him a barrow to remove his stock, “Ah, Mr. Anderton, if I had but removed here two years ago, I should have saved—let me see,”—and he began to count his fingers, to sum up the number of sixpences; but the idea of such a loss was too horrible to contemplate, and he turned his thoughts to other matters. “Lots of room here, Mr. Anderton, for my different stores;—white rags here, this side for coarse rags. I’ve lost many shillings through want of room to separate them; being forced to let white and coloured go all together, when there’s almost a farthing difference in the pound. Then, you see, I can also lay my beat iron aside from my cast. No, no; they’ll not get the best at the worst price any more, Mr. Anderton, as they have done. Then the saving of sixpence a-week,—a deal of money, you know, in the course of a year. I have heard of men making fortunes who only began with sixpence. Rome was not built in a day, you know. Take care of the pennies, and the shillings will take care of themselves, is a good saying; and a better is, that a penny saved is a penny earned.”

Jack did not act like the former possessors of the old mansion, who left access easy to every urchin that could lift up a hand to push the doors down or the windows open; but, on the contrary, he repaired the old lock, found a key among his old iron that would fit it, and having plenty of old nails, he soon made the window-shutters secure; adding, as a reason for all this caution, that he dared not trust his bone-heap without lock and key where there were so many dogs. Betty Coles, however, assigned another reason, and said, that beneath the patches of divers colours which formed or covered his nether garment, there slumbered a few good spade-ace guineas; that with her own eyes she had peeped through the key-hole, and seen him stich many a one under a certain red patch in his said unmentionables.

The witty Rabelais somewhere observes, that his creditors are his flatterers, claw-backs, saluters, and givers of good-morrows. Now, Grab had none of these; and according to the above-named authority, he might call in vain for aid or succour from either fire or murder, as no one would assist him,—nobody being concerned in his burning, his drowning, or his death; he spent next to nothing, and owed nobody a farthing. How he continued to live was a mystery, as he never even bought a loaf from the baker unless it was sun-dried, ropy, or mouldy, and could be purchased for half the usual price. If he bought a halfpenny worth of old milk, he would add to it a quart of water, nay, even catch the drops that ran down the side of his porringer, when he drank, on the point of his knife, and lick them off; wetting his finger, also, and picking up every crumb of mouldy bread which adhered thereto. He has been known to wage war with a mastiff for the half-picked bone, and to eat such garbage as the veriest beggar would have turned his nose up at. Grab had, however, his hobby; he had long passed the bits of cabbage leaves, potato parings, and other things which he could not well eat himself, with regret, and often thought that so much waste as he witnessed in his daily perambulations would keep a pig well. He had now plenty of room in the ruined house, no rent to pay, and he formed the resolution of keeping a pig, and laying out a sum of ready money in its purchase;—such a sum as he had never before in all his life expended at once.

Before entering upon his new speculation, he spent much time in ascertaining the price of pork and bacon; reckoned to a farthing what he should gain by selling it out and out to the butcher, or curing it himself, and disposing of a ham here and a sitch there; nor did he ever dream of putting a morsel to his own lips. Great was the astonishment of butcher Crane at these inquiries; at first he thought that Grab intended to buy, but he soon discovered that the old miser had no such intention. Day after day, and week after week, did he scour the country in search of a cheap pig; hoarding up, in the mean time, rubbish enough to feed it for a month. Sometimes he would pause before the butcher’s shop, and gazing on the huge sides of pork, picture to himself the time when he should have such to offer for sale, and inwardly praying that at that period it might fetch a great price. He wandered as far as the next town every market day, and was once or twice within a shilling of making a bargain; and one morning he saw a farmer purchase a whole litter of pigs saving one, and, to the amazement of Grab, it was the largest that he left behind. Grab took a close survey of the grunter before he ventured to ask the price, and also looked narrowly into the face of the man, for he had before been threatened with divers kickings for bidding so much below the sum named. “What may you be asking for that little thin pig?” inquired he at length.

“Do you want to buy?” said the pig-jobber, in his turn eyeing Jack from head to foot, as if he doubted whether such “a thing of shreds and patches” possessed a sum of money sufficient for the purchase.

“That all depends upon what you may ask,” answered the ever-cautious Grab. “I have had some thoughts of keeping one, you see, when I could meet with it cheap; but I’m in no hurry—no hurry; only I thought, as it was the last, you might ask very reasonable for it. What is the very lowest you mean to take now—at a word?”

“Well, then, at a word, twelve shillings,” replied the pig-jobber; “and if you understand pigs at all, you must know that’s very cheap.”

Grab looked at the man, then at the pig, then at the ground; he saw a rusty nail, but did not stoop to pick it up; he could afford to miss a nail for once, for he knew

that the pig was very cheap; he had been asked eighteen shillings for one much less, and had even bid fifteen. "Will he eat well?" was the next inquiry.

"Eat!" exclaimed the countryman. "Ay, any manner of thing; there isn't a pig in the county with a better appetite. Bless you! when he was among the other pigs he used to root all the tit-bits into one corner of the trough, and have them to himself,—he's a deep pig."

"Is his health good?" inquired Grab; "for I reckon pigs are somewhat like Christians, liable to a few complaints now and then."

"He's as hard as nails," answered the pig-jobber, "and never had an hour's illness since he was born; when all the rest were ill, he was up and eating; and he cut his teeth like winking."

"Well, then," said Grab, drawing in his breath heavily, and speaking in a faint tone, "I'll give you ten shillings for him;" and he thrust his hand into his pocket, that he might feel the smooth silver once again before he parted with it for ever.

"Too little," said the man. "I'll stand a tankard of ale and bread and cheese, but I'll take no less." But he did take less, after much bantering; for he sold his pig for eleven shillings, and gave the old miser threepence for his share of the refreshment, as he excused himself from going to the alehouse for want of time. It is impossible to sketch Grab as he looked when paying the money into the broad brown open hand of the pig-jobber. First he pulled out three shillings, and laid them down in the form of a triangle, muttering, "It's a deal of money to part with at once." Then he drew out two more, growling deeper than ever; the next time he put his hand in his pocket, he fished up but one shilling, saying, "That makes six, and the pig may die;—a deal of money,—a great risk. I almost wish—"

"Hark you," said the countryman, closing his hand on the six shillings, "if you don't pull out the other five a little quicker, I shall walk off with both the pig and the money;—so pay the remainder down, then grumble as much as you like after;—a bargain's a bargain." The threat had the desired effect; at one desperate plunge Grab dragged up three more shillings,—two more rapid dives into his pocket drew forth the remainder,—and heaving a deep sigh, he paid for the pig.

Long and many were the contests between Grab and his pig before they reached Warton Woodhouse, nor did he get clear of the market-town without encountering many perils, for the pig seemed willing to go any road but the right one; and instead of "larding the lean earth," like Falstaff, he showed no more marks of fatigue than a piece of parchment which has been blown across the road. He soon managed to slip the string, and bolting from Grab, shot between the legs of a little lawyer, on whose silk stockings he left the marks which he himself had gathered in a gutter. But the dire disaster was running against a table which was covered with bottles of ginger beer, and carrying away a leg of it, which had but that morning been indifferently spiced with very slender string. The proprietor of this rickety establishment, without once pausing to listen to the hiss and fizz, and foam and tumult, among his broken bottles, set off full speed after Grab and the grunter; deeming, no doubt, that the old adage of one bird in the hand being worth two in the bush, might be applied to his case of the pig. Away shot the porker at more than a pig's speed, and luckily he took the very road which Grab had in vain attempted to drive him, plainly showing that "although roads were as plentiful as blackberries, he would take none of them upon compulsion;" never did a pig shoot off at such speed! he would have won the St. Leger from all the tribe of pork.

He had no more fat upon him than a dead stick; he "lay to the earth," to use a sporting phrase, like a greyhound; for, like Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," he was—

"Long, lank, and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea-sand."

After the grunter went Grab, and after both the ginger-beer man, who, being fat and asthmatical, groaned again like a railway engine when it is stopped, and shouting (a word at a time), "Stop—that—pig—stop—that—man—they've—ru-in-ed—me—my—beer—pig—man—table—bottles—dam-a-ges." Butcher boys and dogs joined in the chase at full cry; never had such yelling and shouting been heard at that peaceful end of the town since the day of election, when, to show their independence, they pelted out both the candidates. Fortunately for Grab, a whole herd of swine chanced to be before him, their noses pointing twenty ways; and as his own pig shot through their bristling ranks without a pause, and turned up a narrow lane, he was soon lost to his pursuers, and shut out from all eyes except Grab's. It need not be wondered at, that out of so large a herd of swine, the ginger-beer man at last "caught the wrong pig by the ear;" for one more nimble than the rest shot out from his companions, and was followed by both men and dogs until he was captured, when the mistake was found out; but how rectified, our story sayeth not.

After many ins-and-outs, shoutings and kickings, and divers coaxings, and not a few turns at carrying him, Jack and his pig at length reached home in safety; one corner of the store and sleeping room was also allotted for his new companion, which he intended so kindly to nurse up for death: this corner was partitioned off with an old door or two, "just to keep him," as he himself remarked, "from getting at the bones." We must now suppose the old miser to have lost three or four days in making a trough for his pig, to have had sundry twitchings of the shoulder in carrying "swill" or dish-washings, and that he had also so far recovered the shock of laying out so much money as to have had at least two hours' sleep on the previous night; that he had also resumed his old trade of collecting bones and rags, and now carried an extra bag, to pick up whatever he could for his pig. Further, we must suppose that, to his sorrow, Grab had discovered that the pig possessed a terrible appetite; that what food he had calculated upon lasting a month, was all consumed the first week; that even a month had rolled over, and the pig had not increased a hair's breadth in either length or width; that if he grew at all, it was less.

Poor Grab! in vain did he clamber into the sty every morning, and with a piece of string measure his pig round the middle; he made a knot, but still the measurement was the same to day as yesterday; if he ever swelled a finger's-breadth after having had a pail of slops, the next day he shrunk back to his old familiar size. In vain did Grab labour day after day, rising with the sun, and stooping to pick up food for his ravenous pig until the day declined; bagful after bagful, and pailful after pailful, did he empty into the hungry monster's trough; but all was of no use; the pig had long ago done growing. Had he dined with an alderman daily he would never have grown fatter; he looked just as sharp on the back and gaunt in the belly, and long on the legs, as he did on the very day when he overthrew the ginger-beer, and outstripped both men and dogs. Food was of no avail—the more he ate, the more he wanted; there he was, always alike, (excepting just at the few moments spent in eating,) his trough empty, and himself rearing up beside the sty, and squealing like a very pig. Grab might as well have made a hole through the floor, and by pouring pig's meat into the cellar, have expected the old house to have grown fat. Poor Grab!

he was almost at his wit's end; he wandered about day after day in quest of nothing but food for his pig; he no longer stooped to pick up old iron or old rags, he was only on the look-out for something to appease the squealing of his ravenous porker; for he declared that he had no peace at home, neither day nor night, unless his pig was either asleep or eating; nay, that he was often compelled to arise in the night, and pour a pail of water into his trough to keep him quiet. But, oh! worst of all, nobody pitied poor old Grab: if they inquired how his pig got on, and he told them all his misery, they only laughed at him; even the very boys would shout out after him, "There goes Grab with a bagful of dirt for his pig;" or "Jacky, how's pork selling?" At length, however, the old man learned to bear their taunts, and went his way without either answering their questions or resenting their abuse; he had but one friend who appeared to sympathise with him, and that was the old farrier.

"Well," said Jacky, as he met the old horse-doctor one morning, "it's all of no use, Mr. Carter; I stuff him and cram him till every bone in my body aches with carrying food for him. I've even pinched my own belly to fill his, and it's all of no use; he grows no more than a pin. The other day, while I was out, he broke loose and ate up all my little bones, which had taken me days and days in gathering, and I do believe that if my old iron hadn't been rather hard for his jaws, he'd have eaten it all up, rump and stump. What to do with him, I don't know; I'm a ruined man, Mr. Carter; eleven shillings, all at once, did I lay out; but oh! what a waste of money! Then the days that I have spent in bringing home food for him! He eats as much at a meal as would serve me for a month."

"Very strange!" muttered the old farrier. "Perhaps he's got the worms: I'd advise you to give him a little worm-cake."

"Worm-cakes!" echoed Grab; "they must be as large as half-peck loaves for him to feel them. Bless you, sir, you've no notion of what he can swallow."

"Well," resumed the other, "I would sell him."

"Worse and worse," replied Grab: "but who will buy him, think you? I got our butcher to look at him the other day, and he says, 'Jacky,' says he, 'he's very old.'—'Think so?' says I. 'Very,' says he: 'I should say by his teeth, at least seven years old.'—'How would he eat?' says I. 'Like your old shoes,' says he; 'very tough indeed.' So you see there's no selling him."

"Well, then, I would kill him," said the farrier, "and make him into pork pies and sell them; people, you know, never lift up the crust to see what's inside."

"Won't do," answered Grab; "I'll lay no money out on flour for the crusts; beside, there would be no lard to make them eat short; no, I'll spend no more money upon him, Mr. Carter. I'm a ruined man."

"Well, well," said the old farrier, somewhat sharply, for he had almost exhausted both his reasons and his patience, "well, well, kill him—and eat him yourself."

"Over expensive," groaned Grab; "it would be like eating money."

A few days after his interview with the farrier a great change took place: the pig would not touch its food; Grab offered it a bread-crust, one that he had reserved for his own eating, but it scarcely took any notice—it gave a faint grunt, and then laid down its head again—the pig was dying. Away went the old miser to the butcher to get him to kill the pig instantly; it was night, and the butcher had gone to bed; Jack thundered at the door, and the old man poked out both head and night-cap, and inquired, in none of the mildest of tones, what was his business. "My pig is dying," said Grab, "and I want him killed."

"Humph!" muttered the butcher; "never kill dying pigs, Mr. Grab; never deal in keg-meg; you must go to Hawking Georgy;" and down went the window. Now, Hawking Georgy, be it known, was notorious for selling bad meat; was never known to purchase anything unless it was very cheap, and paid but little regard to the quality; he kept no shop, but went hawking his trash from cottage to cottage, and selling it just for what he could get. To him poor Grab hastened, and after a long parley, (for Georgy would not kill the pig for less than two shillings,) the old miser promised him a shilling and the offals, and away they went together. When they reached the old man's dwelling they found the pig dead, "dead as a door nail," to use Georgy's expression; and although he confessed that he had occasionally dealt in queer cattle, he could not be persuaded to show his butcher-craft on that occasion.

Poor Grab! such a serious loss—coupled with his "high expectation," broke his heart, and he never looked down after it, never stooped to pick up either rags or old iron again; there was a "lack lustre" in his eyes, and when he walked they always seemed fixed upon some object in the distance; every body saw that he was an altered man. About a month after the death of his pig, Jack Grab gave up the ghost, and as a wag observed, he caught his death from a surfeit of pig. He lies buried in the beautiful little churchyard of Warton Woodhouse, and there was some talk of erecting a headstone to his memory, but this has not yet been done. The following epitaph was, however, composed for the occasion, and whether it will be used or not, time alone must decide.

"Here lies Jack Grab, who picked up all things, nor nothing pass'd,

No marvel then that Death should pick him up at last;—

No weighty grief destroyed him, he died all for a pig,
And would have lived, no doubt, had the object of his grief
been big.

We erect him this small head-stone, no larger could we build
him,

The object of whose grief was—so very small it kill'd him.

This epitaph was made by me, John Harding, Stonemason, Warton Woodhouse."

THE DESIRE OF FAME.

(From a Volume of Poems by Sir E. L. Bulwer,
just published.)

I do confess that I have wish'd to give

My land the gift of no ignoble name,
And in that holier life have sought to live,
Whose air, the Hope of Fame.

Do I lament that I have seen the bays,

Denied my own, not worthier brows above?
Foes quick to scoff, and friends afraid to praise—
More active Hate than Love?

Do I lament that roseate youth has flown,

In the hard labour grudg'd its niggard meed,
And cull from far and juster lands alone
Few flowers from many a seed?

No!—for whoever, with an earnest soul,

Strives for some end from this low world afar,
Still upward travels, though he miss the goal,
And strays—but towards a star!

Better than Fame is still the wish for Fame,

The constant training for a glorious strife:—
The Athlete, nurtured for the Olympian Game,
Gains strength, at least, for Life.

He who desires the conquest over Time,

Already lives in some immortal dream,
And the Thought glides beneath th' Ideal Clime
With moonlight on its stream!

I thank thee, Hope, if vain, all blessed still,
 For much that makes the soul forget the clay;
 The morning dew still balms the sadden'd hill,
 Though sun forsakes the day.
 And what is Fame but Faith in holy things
 That soothe the life and shall outlive the tomb?
 A reverent listening for some angel-wings
 That cower above the gloom?
 To gladden earth with beauty, or men's lives
 To serve with Action, or their souls with Truth—
 These are the ends for which the Hope survives
 Th' ignobler thirsts of Youth.
 And is not this a Sister-Hope with thee,
 Lovely Religion—foe alike to Time?
 Does not God's smile light Heaven, on earth to see
 Man's faith in ends sublime?
 No!—I lament not—though these leaves may fall
 From the sear'd branches on the desert plain,
 Mock'd by the idle winds that waft—and all
 Life's blooms—(its last)—in vain.
 If vain for others—not in vain for me!—
 Who builds an altar let him worship there!
 What needs the crowd?—though lone the Shrine may be,
 Not hallow'd less the Prayer!
 Enough if, haply, in the after-days,
 When by the altar sleeps the funeral stone—
 When gone the mists our wizard passions raise,
 And Truth is seen alone;
 When Calumny its prey can wound no more,
 And fawns its late repentance on the dead—
 If gentle footsteps from some kindlier shore
 Pause by the narrow bed;
 Or if yon children, whose young sounds of glee
 Float to mine ear the evening gales along,
 Recalls some echo, in their years to be,
 Of not all-perished song;
 Taking some spark to glad the hearth, or light
 The student-lamp from now-neglected fires;—
 And one sad memory in the Sons requite
 What—I forgive the Sires!

THE VILLAGE BUDGET.

BY THE PARISH SCHOOLMASTER.

NO. IV.—THE LEDY O' MUNTIRE.

“the tale
 “Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
 That walks at dead of night.”—*Blair*.

ONE boisterous evening in December, 18—, there sat around the cheerful hearth of the worthy Menie Ringan, a small but happy party, consisting of the worthy woman herself, her niece Annie Kirkland, and that niece's sweetheart, Hugh Mair, the young blacksmith. And there they sat around “an ingle blinkin' bonnily,” as merry and happy a party as one might wish to see. Amidst many harmless jokes and sly remarks, I wist the time passed cheerily away; and if occasionally some whisperings were carried on between the young folks, doubtless, they were of a harmless nature, and gave a greater zest to their pleasure and enjoyment.

Before, however, proceeding with the veritable history, the particulars whereof are hereinafter recorded, with your permission, fair and courteous reader, I must bestow a few words of introduction on the kind-hearted Menie Ringan. Understand then, that Menie, or Miss Ringan, as she was called on several rare occasions, was proprietor of the very snug cottage in which she dwelt; whilst, being in receipt of a small annuity besides, she had acquired the reputation of being “pretty weel to do in the world;” and

further, that she, the said Menie, did not fail to enjoy her fortune in a crouse and canty manner; being always glad to have happy faces smiling around her, to whom she might relate strange events of the olden time—the time when she was “but a lassie yet.” She was a maiden of what is called the “old school,” and one besides who was pretty well stricken in years, for although she could not be called an “auld wife”—a title she somewhat contemptuously spurned,—yet there could be little doubt that the one of “old maid” was hers by right, and not by courtesy; seeing she had attained the very respectable age of—I will not say how many years above or below fifty, and was still unmarried. Whatever was Menie's age, there could be little mistake in placing her in the old school class, for the venerable appearance of her somewhat prim countenance, her antique dress, her manners and habits, were those of a by-gone generation; while her likings and dislikings, her feelings and prejudices, were all strongly tinged with its superstitions.

No one knew this weakness in her character better than Annie Kirkland, but so much amusement did that lively girl derive from teasing her on this subject, that she resorted to it oftener than prudence or even respect required. Sadly did this conduct perplex the old lady; for Annie was her especial favourite, and had been an inmate in her house from childhood. In fact, she was more to be regarded as an adopted daughter than a mere niece, for she had been left to Menie's care as an orphan, at a very tender age; and though her sprightly rogueries, it must be confessed, disturbed the equanimity of her temper not a little, yet Menie ever felt towards her the faithful love of a kindly heart.

However, to proceed. Around the fire all three sat, chatting, laughing, and joking—the benevolent countenance of Menie lit up with a glow of pleasure, so much did she relish the happiness which the others were enjoying; but not to appear as if encouraging aught that partook of idleness, there was she knitting away incessantly at a worsted stocking, still maintaining, however, her full share in the conversation with the greatest good humour.

“The Glenhaw folks are to hae a grand ball next Friday, aunty,” said Annie, after a few whisperings with Hugh, “and as our freend here is one o' them that's to be there, he wants to ken if I could gang wi' him for his partner; but I was just tellin' him,” said she, with an arch glance of fun and frolic, “that he micht ken I neer gaed to such places o' daffin', and that it would be a hantel wiser-like, gin he speered if you wouldna be his partner yersel. What think ye?”

“What think I?” exclaimed her aunt in amazement—“Deed, that ye're jist the wildest, and maist thochtless lassie I ever kent. O Annie, Annie, whan will ye gie owre yer nonsense?”

“And sae ye'll no gang to the ball then? Weel, I think ye're wrang there, aunty. Nae doubt o't.”

“My dancin' days are owre, lang sin syne, as ye weel ken, Annie,” replied Menie, good humouredly; “but I'm far mistaen if ye dinna gang yersel—at least, it'll no be for the want o' will, sae we'll try an' hae ye a' richt gin Friday, an' if Hugh maks promise to tak guid care o' ye, an' brings ye hame in a wiselike hour o' nicht, I'll hae nae objection.”

Who can doubt of the nature of Hugh's reply? If he was happy before, he was much more so now, in the anticipation of some hours of pleasure, to be enjoyed in the presence of his winsome, bonny sweetheart.

“How mony are gaun frae this?” inquired Menie of Hugh.

“O there's Tam Johnstone, and Rab Love, and a wheen mair,” he replied, “a' to hae their lassies wi' them; so

that wi' the Glenhaw folks and us thegither, we'll mak a braw party, I guess."

"Weel, there's naething like haeing yer step out in yer young days," said Menie, "for I mind weel the time when I hae danced awa as daft as ony o' ye; but these days are lang bye noo! Be sure Hugh, ye dinna keep that thoctless lassie owre late, for it's no very chancy being out at e'en, but least awa on that Glenhaw road. Ay, there hae been queer sights seen there! an' it's no richt, ye ken, to throw anesel in harm's way."

"O never mind, aunty," quickly interrupted Annie, "we'll look at a' the sights we see, and hae some braw fun besides."

"Whisht, Annie, whisht, an' dinna talk o' things ye ken naething about," said Menie, an air of solemnity instantly overshadowing her smiling features; for of all subjects, this was the last on which she could bear to hear any doubts expressed. "It's no a thing to be lightly talked o', for even in my day, there hae been deeds dune, and sights seen in the glen there, ayont the brae as ye gang down to Glenhaw, that mak's ane's bluid rin could wi' very horror to think o'. Ye baith hae heard o' the puir lady that was murdered there, an' if Annie was na sich a glaiket lassie, I would maybe tell ye anither story o' the glen, but I'm feared it would dae nae guid, sae it's best to let it alane."

This was too favourable an opportunity to let pass unimproved, so Hugh at once besought of her the recital of her story, pledging himself to be her humble and most attentive listener. The request seemed highly to flatter the worthy woman, and at once restored the smiling expression to her countenance. After a few words of admonition to her niece, she prepared to relate the history with all due emphasis;—Annie, the while, bestowing on Hugh a look of peculiar meaning—a look that seemed at once to say, "I'll listen; but faith! I'll hae some fun ere a' is dune." Fortunately, the look escaped the observation of her aunt, otherwise there is no saying what might have been the result. With Hugh, therefore, disposed in the attitude of an attentive listener, and Annie seemingly solely engrossed in the anticipation of the marvellous history she was about to hear, Menie thus commenced her story.

"On a wee grassy hillock, as ye gang down to Glenhaw, there's an auld ruined tower wi' naething but the bare wa's standin'. It has been the same e'er sin I could mind, only there are mair trees an' bushes about it noo. It's but a wee bit frae the road, an' the trees surroundin' it sae closely maks it as lanely a place as ony I ken. An' weel may it be ca'd a lanely place, for weel awat, there hae been mony queer sights seen there, an' mony awfu' deeds dune tae! It's perfect fearsome to pass that after gloamin. Even in daylight, the place is gloomy an' lanely enough, for the sun comes glintin through amang the trees wi' little power, an' the only sound a body hears, is the croodlin sang o' the cushat doo."

"In aulden times, the Muntsire Tower was unco famed for its hospitalities, an' the lairds o't were considered the first in a' the kintra side. But time gaed by, an' every succeedin' laird fand himsel warse aff than the last, till in the end, 'Rough Rab,' the last o' them, had little else but the auld tower to boast o'. But little cared Rab for that, an' he followed the hounds as brawly, an' kept as muckle company as if he had had mony a braid acre to back him. He was a rale 'chip o' the auld block,' an' seemed to inherit mair than a common share o' his forbears' recklessness. As lang as he had a peice o' grund to sell, or could get siller barrow'd on't, he cared na a preen for anything but makin' a' things flee wi' a liberal han'."

"The laird had lang been a married man, but it was weel kent that his wife an' he were on anything but guid

terms thegither. She, puir ledy, had been in a manner forced to marry him when he was but a young man, to please her freends, wha thoct it an unco guid match at the time. But in a wee while, the Laird, wha never liked her overly weel, began to neglect, an' sune to despise her. The quate temper o' his bonny wife didna suit his awa, an' he did naething but gloom an' glunch on her on every occasion. Neer did she compleen o' this treatment, but bore a' his taunts an' roughness wi' the greatest meekness; an' like a true woman that she was, aye sought to win back his love wi' gentle deeds, although he only reviled her the mair for it. Weel, things gaed on in this way for mony a year, till at last the puir ledy's heart was fairly broken, an' she couldna mak the least answer to ony o' his cruel jibes."

"The sort o' life the laird led couldna last lang, sae it didna mak great surprise whan it was rumoured that the auld tower was a' that Rough Rab had to ca' his ain. Folk said he had got to his tether length noo, an' in his poverty he got unco little sympathy. But he was a changed man, an' weeks, an' months, gaed by without seein' him in his auld haunts. But he was changed to the warst, an' his temper got mair sour an' sullen than it e'er had been. He dismissed a' his servants, an' wouldna let ony one, not even his ain cronies, enter the door. Whiles, some folks walking by on the road, would see him paradin' up an' down afore his door, wi' a moody expression of face, buried in thoct, but he neer by ony chance exchanged words as he had used to dae. His dress tae, began to get shabby, an' he let his beard grow to sich a length as made him a perfect fricht to look on. Every ane noo was feared to gang near him, although mony wished to see, or hear tell o' his puir ledy, wha he ne'er would let without the door."

"Weel, it happened on a fine simmer nicht, at a pretty late hour, that ane o' the Killstane folk was coming hame frae the market—I think it was the miller, if I mind the story richt—whan jist as he was ridin through the woods at Muntsire, an' had come within sicht o' the tower, a loud shriek made his bluid rin cauld to his heart. On looking up, he saw a female at ane o' the highest windows, strugglin' wi' some ane within. Her cries were the maist piteous he ever heard, an' afore he had time to think, she was cast frae that dismal height, an' fell a corpse at his feet. She was the ledy o' Muntsire! He stopped na langer whan he saw this, but set spurs to his horse, an' ne'er slackened his pace till he got to Killstane. The next morning the ledy's mangled body was fand by the auld tower, but search as they micht, the last laird o' Muntsire was ne'er mair seen nor heard tell o'."

"Frae that time to this," said Menie, bringing her story to a close, "on ilka moonlicht nicht, the puir ledy's ghaist taks its station, whiles at the high window, but aftener on a green hillock at the corner o' the house, an' is to be seen wringin' its hans, an' kneelin', as it were for mercy. Mony, mony a time has it been seen, even in my day, an' ne'er will I forget the nicht I got sich a fricht wi' seemin' it mysel! It's a tall, tall ledy, dressed in pure white, an' waes me! what a look! even noo I canna think on't without a shudder. Lang may we a' be preserved frae seein' sich sights! an' I would advise ye baith, ne'er to be late in passin' that spot, for it's as true as ye're there, the ghaist still haunts the auld tower."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT.

I HATE the name of Berlin wool, in all its colours bright,
Of chairs and stools of fancy work I hate the very sight;
The shawls and slippers that I've seen, the ottomans and
bags,
Sooner than wear a stitch on me I'd walk the streets in rags.

I've heard of wives too musical, too talkative, or quiet,
Of scolding and of gaming wives, and those too fond of riot;
But yet of all the errors known, which to the women fall,
For ever doing fancy work I think exceeds them all.

The other day, when home I came, no dinner got for me,
I asked my wife the reason, she answered, One, two, three;
I told her I was hungry, and stamped upon the floor,
She never even looked at me, but murmured "one green more."

Of course she makes me angry, she does not care for that,
But chatters, while I talk to her, "one white and then a black."

Seven greens and then a purple (just hold your tongue, my dear,
You really do annoy me so, I've made a wrong stitch here.)

And as for conversation, with her eternal frame,
I speak to her of fifty things, she answers just the same;
'Tis "yes, love," five reds, then a black, "I quite agree with you,
I've done this wrong,—seven, eight, nine, ten, an orange, then a blue."

If any lady comes to tea, her bag is first surveyed,
And if the pattern pleases her, a copy then is made;
She staves, too, at the gentleman, and when I ask her why?
'Tis "oh, my love, the pattern of his waistcoat struck my eye."

And if to walk I am inclined ('tis seldom I go out),
At every worsted shop she sees, oh, how she stands about!
And then 'tis, "oh, I must go in, that pattern is so rare,
The group of flowers is just the thing I wanted for my chair."

Besides, the things she makes are all such touch-me-not affairs,

I dare not even use a screen, a stool; and as for chairs,
'Twas only yesterday I put my youngest boy on one,
And until then I never knew my wife had such a tongue.

Alas for my poor little ones, they dare not move or speak,
'Tis "Tom, be quiet, put down that bag; why, Harriette,
where's your feet?"

"Maria standing on that stool, it was not made for use,
Be silent all,—three greens, one red, a blue, and then a puce."
Oh, the misery of a working wife, with fancy-work run wild,
And hands which never do aught else for husband or for child;

Our clothes are rent, and minus strings, my house is in disorder,

And all because my lady wife has taken to embroider.

I'll put my children out to school, I'll go across the sea,
My wife's so full of fancy-work, I'm sure she won't miss me;
E'en while I write, she still keeps on her one, two, three, and four,

I'm past all patience, on my word I'll not endure it more.

Nottingham Review.

DE FACTO.

THE SABBATH.

(From a Volume of Poems by Sir E. L. Bulwer,
just published.)

FRESH glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

Six days' stern labour shuts the poor
From nature's careless banquet-hall;
The seventh, an angel opens the door,
And, smiling, welcomes all!

A Father's tender mercy gave
This holy respite to the breast,
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know—the wheel may rest!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength thy master's slave must be;
The seventh, the limbs escape the chain—
A God hath made thee free!

The fields that yester-morning knew
Thy footsteps as their serf, survey;
On thee, as them, descends the dew,
The baptism of the day.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
But yonder halts the quiet mill—
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

So rest, O weary heart!—but, lo,
The church-spire, glist'ning up to heaven,
To warn thee where thy thoughts should go
The day thy God hath given!

Lone through the landscape's solemn rest,
The spire its moral points on high,—
O soul, at peace within the breast,
Rise, mingling with the sky!

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of power from old dominion hurl'd,
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the alter'd world.

Alas! since Time itself began,
That fable hath but fool'd the hour;
Each age that ripens power in man,
But subjects man to power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright republic shall be known;
Man's world awhile hath surely ceas'd,
When God proclaims his own.

Six days may rank divide the poor,
O Dives, from thy banquet-hall—
The seventh the Father opens the door,
And holds his feast for all.

New Books.

COMIC NURSERY TALES: BLUE BEARD. BY F. W. N. BAYLEY, AUTHOR OF "THE NEW TALE OF A TUB."

SUNDY and manifold are the matters of taste in which we are copying our neighbours; but, probably, in no instance is the *sequitur* more evident than in the light literature of the day. It is true that our London publishers set the example in their *Penny Magazine*, as might be expected from their utilitarian propensities; but the Parisians soon succeeded in producing a lighter ware, with filagree embellishment, but still an imitation of our oracle of copper: such is the *Magasin Pittoresque*. In humour of the broad caricature style, the French artists and publishers have long maintained the lead, in cheapness as well as taste; and, although "penny literature" may have originated in England, it has been matured in France. What have we in London to compare with the *Physiologies* now publishing in Paris, either as regards literary excellence or spirit of illustration; and where in our whole "penny" range can you see reflected the truly "pittoresque" woodcuts of the Parisian press? why! even our twopenny patriarchal oracle appears to have had all its silvery rubbed off by time, and to have taken up the speculation of illustrating shop-fronts and newspaper advertisements in the same profitable page. In our own Engravings, we confess to have been disappointed; and to have had most of our searches after novelty but ill seconded; so that we have resolved, in future, to regard illustrations as incidental to the design of our work, and otherwise to appropriate our front page; and we trust our readers will not have cause to regret this change in our tactics.

Meanwhile, we are selfishly forgetting our old friend *Blue Beard*, whose peccadilloes Mr. Bayley has smartly turned into verse of "infinite jest" and humour. Nevertheless, the illustrations of this very *summerey* production are, with one exception, of French execution; and they

are the climax of drollery and grotesque fun. To describe them were impossible, as George Robins would say; so that we pass to the poem itself of "Blue Beard, his property, appearance and beard:"—

"In former times,
In the warmest of climes,
A gentleman gloried in several crimes;
Several crimes men said he had done,
And they thought that murder was probably one:
For six of his wives
Had got rid of their lives,
In the darkest of manners under the sun;
Unless it be quite Irish to say,
That aught can be dark on a sunshiny day!
Well, this gentleman grew very rich,
Or, at least, was reported as "*sich*;"
Houses he had that were *not* very bad,
Lands beside that *were* very wide;
A great big horse that he rode bestride,
And a palace in which he was wont to abide!
This palace was beautiful quite to view,
Handsomely furnished through and through;
But the only thing not handsome there,
Was perhaps the boy who was born its heir!
Heir to all the remarkable things!
Heir to the trinkets, and heir to the rings!
To the riches he bore,
To the breeches he wore;
Heir to marbles and money galore!"

Of his name, "BLUE BEARD:"
"It was n't the duty
Of Blue Beard's beauty
To save his bacon;
And what need I more say,
Except that for D'Orsay,
He ne'er was mistaken;
For this cause 'mong the rest,
Which is good as the best,
That D'Orsay—a gentleman now in his prime—
Did n't live for the ladies in Blue Beard's time!
His beard we said was thoroughly blue,
And nothing that woman or man could do;
Shave without, or invention within,
Could change the colour of Blue Beard's chin!
Rowland's Macassar, or Fox's dye,
Each it was vain for him to try;
Mechi's razors, or Warren's jet,
Another colour he could not get;
He lathered it over, with intense delight,
Hoping that soaping would make it white;
And then again he lathered it back,
Hoping that soaping would make it black:
Then he shaved it, again and again,
But it would n't do, the thing was plain;
Uncommonly plain that it would n't do,
For the beard continued undoubtedly blue!
Blue belles before,
We have known a score,—
Hall and Norton, Trollope and Gore,
And Lady Morgan, all to the fore!
Holborn has got its own Blue Boar;
Other things, too,
We have known a few,
And people who looked remarkably blue:
We've watched the revels of many blue devils:
But a Beard of Blue!—Well, did we ever?
Certainly not!—Oh, no!—We never!"

In these stanzas there is abundance of drollery and mirth-moving fun, for one line seldom or never prepares you for its *sequitur*; and this we take to be the mainspring of laughter, and the very bathos of burlesque. Here is another specimen in the charms of the future Mrs. Fat. and her sister:—

"As fair as any dame in our mother-land,
And almost as fair as the Duchess of Sutherland!

(That beautiful Duchess, who once did assemble
All London's *élite* to hear Adelaide Kemble—
Adelaide Kemble, who ravished their souls,
By singing there, all for the sake of the Poles
On a fine summer's day, when that Duchess so nice,
Was so kind to her guests, by Lord Dudley's advice,
As to warm them with music, and cool them with ice!")
Next, Blue Beard's courtship "spread:"

"And did n't he give her a feast and a ball?
And *was* n't there eating and drinking—that's all?
And did n't champagne
Fall as plenty as rain!
And cakes, and wines!
And jellies, and pines!
And all kinds of sweets!
And all kinds of meats!
Hens gravyry!
Cocks savoury?
(Not Thomas Cox Savory, close to Cornhill,
The mighty watchmaker;
But cocks that I take her
Good taste to have fancied more savoury still,
And puddings and pies!
Oh, my eyes! Oh, my eyes!
Not Gunter, nor Verrey!
O deary! O deary!
Nor Ude—
Soup-imbued,
Not he; nor even the famous Kitchiner,
Surpassed what Blue Beard's board was pitchin' her;
She never before had things so rich in her!
And did n't she gobble, and did n't she stuff,
And *was* n't she sorry when she'd had enough!?"

There is an intensity of illustration in this last couplet which is truly delightful: how Saxon, how vernacular is the language—how Miltonic the sublimity—yet how Wordsworthian the simplicity! Then, its concentration: here are no windy words to distract the reader's head—no spinning of thoughts or hammering out of ideas—but the image falls plump as an over-weight sovereign: every child in every nursery in the kingdom will acknowledge the force of this glorious picture of repletion, with its loudest laugh; and every alderman in her Majesty's dominions, (including even those of Whig creation,) will chuckle over this masterpiece of every-day humour!

The marriage is consummated, the honey-moon wanes, and Blue Beard quits the *château*, as in the original tale, leaving Mrs. Fat. and her friends to enjoy themselves at leap-frog and other lady-like fun, in describing which occurs an exquisitely felonious simile:

"They danced and sang
Till the chamber rang;
And every joke,
Each fair one spoke,
With spicy wit was peppered;
It was larking, rollicking, frisk and play,
With 'Nix my dolly, pals, fake away!'—
Like Ainsworth, or Jack Sheppard!"

Thus our poet is a sly wag, and onward he roves from the Old Bailey to Westminster for his illustrations. Here is the trial with the fatal key:

"Lady Blue Beard slinks away,
Leaving the guests at their leap-frog play,
No moment now she lingers:
But rushes on to the lonely room,
With a face uncommonly like Lord Brougham,
And the key between her fingers!
Rushes on to the lonely room,
With a face uncommonly like Lord Brougham;
So fast as she goes
She twitches her nose,
And all the rest of her lively face with it,
No Duguerrototype could e'er keep pace with it;

A Photogenic, if ever so quick,
 Could n't make those varying features stick;
 A man, whose skill were ever so ripe,
 Could n't match them with an Electrotpe;
 A Mesmerist's power,
 Though tried for an hour,
 That inexhaustible twitching upon,
 Would fail if ever so forcible;
 It was wonderful how it ever got on,
 But to take it off were impossible!
 Now, after every pace is strained,
 At a speed that some call break-neck,
 At last, the gallery door is gained—
 Not the Adelaide door in the Lowther Bazaar,
 Nor yet the Polytechnic;
 But a door she had better avoided by far,
 For, ready to drop,
 She has come to a stop
 At Blue Beard's 'Old Curiosity Shop';
 And by and by she will have to declare,
 What the *Dickens* could she want there!"
 The climax of the closet:
 "It is n't a case of 'tit-tat-toe,'
 And 'three jolly butchers all of a row,'
 But oh, . . . oh, . . . !!!
 It's a double case of tit-tat-toe,
 AND SIX DEAD WOMEN ALL OF A ROW."
 The murder mania is brought in by way of illustrating
 poor Fat's terror:
 "She thought upon every horrible work,
 The cloquence? no—but the murders of Burke;
 The wicked Bishop, who joined in the deed,
 When May and Williams made victims bleed;
 She thought of Thurtell in her despair,
 Whose neck was so much the worse for *Weare*;
 Greenacre's horror came to her view,—
 Greenacre, who was n't wiseacre too;
 But whose hanging made our criers noisier,
 She even thought of the dog *Cur-voisier*;
 And finally crowned her vision of blood
 With a hasty glance at the bad Mr. Good.
 Here were eight vile murderers marked on the wall,
 But her monster, Blue Beard, was worse than them all."
 The blood-stained key is engraved to the life, or rather
 death, and the following rivals Lady Macbeth's "damned
 spot":
 "The blood keeps disdaining both friction and lather,
 And it sticks to the key like a child to its father!"
 The explanation of the stain is excellent:
 "As you ask me to say,—
 Oh, do n't scowl, my lord, pray,
 In that terrible way!—
 How the blood met the key,—or the key met the blood,—
 I suppose one or the other will be just as good,—
 All I know is— I fear
 You mean something bad by that terrible leer,—
 But do now,—do,—do n't,
 There, I know now you wo n't!—
 All I know is,—that—yes, that as true as I'm here,
 With my heart like to freeze
 As I shake on my knees,
 That—I have n't—no—the *slightest IDEA!*"
 This is characteristically feminine. The denunciation
 follows:
 "You have opened the door,—dash my wigs!—and you
 knows it,
 You have opened the door of my beautiful closet;
 You have seen my six wives, ma'am, the worst and the
 best of them,
 So I'm going to swing you along with the rest of them!"
 We cannot resist the following, especially its logical,
 epigrammatic conclusion. Fat tells her sister to hie to the
 castle-top, and look out for her brothers:
 "Keep the telescope close to the rail,
 Balance it, love, on 'the sliding scale';

And sister A! ne,
 If you should twig a man,
 Do bring him as near as the telescope can!
 And see if my brothers are coming this way,
 For I expected them both to-day;
 And I should be,
 In the greatest glee
 If they killed my husband before he killed me!"
 Here we must halt, and leave the rest for "the curious
 to construe," with a couplet of consolation from "the
 Moral," addressed to all wives:
 — "If you're obedient, loving and true,
 You'll manage his beard, if ever so blue!"
 Not a syllable of commendation need be added to this
 half crown piece of legitimate fun; and, if its successors
 be equally comic, it will be strange, indeed, if *they* do not
 succeed. By the way, there are certain original appro-
 priations of our vernacular tongue in this little *tome*, which
 are very ludicrous: their absurdity will be abundantly
 amusing to children of every growth; and the series, like
 the cat in the farce, will have a *pretty long tail*, we warrant
 ye! of Comic Nursery Stories.

LETTERS FROM ITALY TO A YOUNGER SISTER.

BY CATHARINE TAYLOR.

WE are glad to find that this truly interesting work has
 so far met with the public approbation as to have reached
 a second edition, in—comparatively speaking, for a book
 of travels,—a very short space of time. Though much
 has been said and written of late about Italy, and hence
 the question, as Miss Taylor anticipates, may naturally be
 asked—"Can anything new be said of Italy?"—yet
 scarcely any, perhaps none, of her predecessors in the same
 path, have adopted exactly the same plan and manner of
 writing about that delightful and interesting country.
 Her book, while it is expressly suited to young readers, is
 also calculated to instruct and entertain "children of a
 larger growth." It is not a mere gossiping diary, telling
 us about little trivial incidents on the road, and there
 leaving us; but every thing remarkable in the various
 localities through which she travelled is noted, and the
 occasion is seized of introducing, by way of illustration,
 the most striking points they suggest in history, biography,
 or art. Thus, the authoress not only gratifies us with a
 personal narrative, but superadds much of a more impor-
 tant, because instructive, nature. The result is a highly
 attractive, agreeable, and interesting production. In our
 opinion, Miss Taylor has chosen the proper method of
 writing a book of travels; she has been at some pains to
 gain and impart knowledge and information to her readers,
 thus treating them rationally; and to her young readers
 more especially, the work will serve as a pleasing intro-
 duction to studies of a more grave and serious character.

Miss Taylor begins with her departure from Geneva,
 entering Italy by the pass of Mont Cenis, and proceeding
 by Susa and Turin, to Genoa. After sojourning for a
 short time at this last city, of which she gives us an
 interesting account, she goes on to Pisa. Of the Campa-
 nile, or Leaning Tower, at Pisa, the object of so much
 curiosity, she has this remark:

"The Campanile, which first attracted our attention, con-
 sists of eight stories; the highest one appears to have been
 added at a later period than the others, and is supposed, from
 its inclining in a direction opposite to that of the tower, to
 have been designed to balance it. It was during his residence
 in Pisa, that Galileo made many curious experiments from
 this tower on the fall of bodies to the earth: and it is an
 interesting coincidence, that Sir Isaac Newton, who subse-
 quently discovered or determined the law of gravitation, was
 born the very year in which Galileo died. It was also in
 the cathedral of this city that the latter philosopher first

conceived the idea of measuring time by the stroke of the pendulum, whilst watching the vibration of a lamp suspended from the ceiling. These facts, simple in themselves, but so important in their results, lend a charm to this spot; it is something to stand upon the same pavement which Galileo once trod."

From Pisa, our fair traveller goes to Florence—"Firenze la bella." After a brief account of the most remarkable facts in Florentine history—of the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines—of Dante, and the revival of literature under the Medici,—of Savonarola, and the fall of the Republic,—we are introduced to the existing monuments of Florentine renown. Miss Taylor is a *connoisseuse* in art, and some of the most attractive portions of her work, are her remarks upon those paintings of the old masters that fell under her regards. She dwells instructively on the architecture of Florence, and then takes a brief review of the history of Art, as it rose from the dark ages. Of its earliest cultivators may be mentioned the names of Cimabue, Giotto, and Fra Angelico Da Fiesole, as belonging to the Florentine school. "How touchingly beautiful," says Miss Taylor, "is the character of Fra Angelico, chastened by a holy simplicity and purity of feeling which seem to belong more to heaven than earth! He was perhaps the most unsullied representative of the early christian school of art, in which no earthly passions mingled, no jarring rudeness, or unhallowed thought, ever sullied the sanctity and beauty of faith." How pleasingly coincident with the tenor of these observations is the view which Mr. Reeve takes of the character of the same artist, in the little work* which we have already noticed in these pages! Under the painter's name are these lines:

"How calm and beautiful, when Art was young,
The seraph-sisters o'er the painter hung,
Ere his deep power was strained by passions rude,
Or scattered in delicious lassitude!
Pure as the lily in her own long hands,
Bent like some humbler flower, the Virgin stands,
Whilst by the grace which from her forehead shone,
The Church made Art's great progeny its own."

Our authoress lingers *con amore* over the great masters and their works deposited in the Florence Gallery, especially the statue of the *Venus de Medici*. "I could not help laughing," says she, "to see a gentleman, (an American, I believe,) after gazing in speechless delight at the statue, turn to leave the room, and on reaching the curtain which covers the entrance, look back and kiss his hand to her, uttering at the same time a gentle 'Addio!' Want of space forbids our dwelling on this very interesting portion of the work, but we cannot resist quoting, before we leave it, one very excellent passage:

"I can pretend to little knowledge of the rules of art, and must be content to look at the works which are presented to my notice with an unpractised eye; a fervent love of the beautiful must compensate for want of scientific knowledge. A passage quoted from Plato which I met with the other day pleased me: 'In beholding daily,' says he, 'the master-pieces of painting, sculpture, and architecture, full of grace and purity in all their proportions, we learn to observe with accuracy what is lovely or defective in the works of nature or art, and this happy rectitude of judgment will become a second nature to our souls.'—I cannot describe the effect which painting and sculpture produce on my mind; it is strange, and almost overpowering, and awakens thoughts and feelings which are as novel as they are delightful. He who walks through the world with no love of art, or perception of its power and influence, may well be said to have one sense asleep, and to lose a source of pure and exalted pleasure. God has implanted in our nature the love of the beautiful, and as we meet with nearer and nearer approaches to its perfec-

tion, in character, in form, or in the various combinations in which beauty is presented to us, our hearts glow in proportion with delight, and our thoughts rise to Him who is the source of all that is true, and beautiful, and good. Art appeals to the feeling of truth within us; through the feelings it speaks to the heart, and awakens our noblest faculties. In saying this, I look at what its tendencies might be, more than what they actually are; in proportion as the pursuit of art is followed in a spirit of trade, for the wealth that it procures, rather than the mental delight which it so richly affords, its character must decline. There is, however, a pleasure in reflecting that although artists may vary at different periods in excellence with the shifting influences of society, ART remains unchanged, its powers immutable, its purposes pure and noble."

At Florence, Miss Taylor's party engaged a *Vetturino* to convey them to Rome, travelling at about the rate of thirty miles in seven hours! They stopped for an hour at Sienna, and then proceeded on to Montefiascone, where they encountered some of the miseries of foreign travelling: her account of them at this place is worth quoting:

"Following my dear friends through a place half coach-house, half stable, I mounted by a steep narrow staircase to our saloon, which, with its high-sounding name, we would gladly have exchanged for a clean English kitchen. The first glimpse I caught of it was enough, and I think we should have retreated very quickly to the carriage could we have had horses to take us on; but there were none, and those of our *Vetturino* were too much tired to proceed further. Patience, therefore, was our only remedy; so ordering a fire, we sat down to await the slow advent of dinner, with all the comfort of four doors and as many windows blowing on us, with the addition of volleys of smoke from the wide chimney, a stone floor, (uncarpeted of course,) and chill blasts which nothing could keep out. At length came *il pranzo*,—hot water soup, with cheese grated into it, a rough chicken which no knife could penetrate, one pigeon, and five larks!—these, with two wretched chops, furnished forth our feast: you may suppose how soon it was dismissed. The fame of Montefiascone rests upon the reputation of its wine,* and the inhabitants seem to despise so simple a luxury as milk, we at least could get none, and waited for our coffee in vain. To our beds at last we were driven, cold, hungry, and weary, but the less said of them the better."

Arrived at Rome, the remainder of the first volume, by far the greater part of it, is taken up with a description of "the eternal city." The various pictures which the authoress sets before us of the most interesting objects that here engaged her attention, are in all respects so truly instructive and clever, that we are puzzled which to prefer. We shall, therefore, with this general commendation, leave this portion of the work, and proceed to the second volume. From Rome our traveller goes to Naples, the general route, passing through Velletri, Terracina, Mola di Gaeta, and Capua. Her allusion to the brigands who infest these parts is interesting:

"We now entered the wild mountainous country which extends far to the south of Terracina, and has become famous as the scene of the daring exploits of bands of brigands who infest this region. These attacks have of late years decreased in number, but they are by no means at an end. The police, though more effective than they were some years

* It is related that an ecclesiastical dignitary was once journeying from Germany to Rome; and being an excellent lover of good wine, he sent a servant on before him to taste the wine in each town they passed through, desiring him to inscribe the word "Est" on the door of those inns where he should find good wine. The eyes of his reverence sparkled with joy when on arriving at Montefiascone he saw "Est!—Est!—Est!—(much as to say, "good—better—best!") written up. Unhappily it was only too good for the traveller he stopped, tasted, drank, and died.

* "Graphidæ, or Characteristics of Painters." By Henry Reeve, Esq.

ago, are either not powerful enough to suppress these fearful gangs, or they are indifferent to their depredations; some are even said to connive at the robberies committed, and quietly to share the booty. One little village called Itri, through which we passed, situated in the very heart of the mountains, is entirely inhabited by brigands. As we stopped to change horses, groups of them assembled to gaze at us. It was a festa-day with them, and we saw this lawless people in full costume; their high conical hats wreathed with ribbons, and their waists encircled by a scarf of brilliant colours, from which peeped out the pistols, implements of their fierce trade. Many had fine faces, bright flashing eyes, and bronzed complexions; but in almost all the expression was dark and sinister, and I turned from them with a kind of terror; murder and crime seemed written in every line of their countenances."

Miss Taylor observes, that at Naples it is more difficult for an English person to understand the people than at Rome, on account of the Italian language, in the Neapolitan dialect, being distorted and clipped of so many of its liquid sounds as scarcely to be recognised. It is a long standing joke against our countrymen, that they draw their stock of conversation abroad from the *Manuel des Voyageurs*, and our authoress introduces an anecdote in comic illustration of this:

"Three English gentlemen, fatigued by the ascent of a steep hill, separately entered a café. On arriving one by one, they called for wine; the first, finding it very good, praised it, adding, "*Si vive bene in questo paese!*" The second came, was equally pleased, and expressed his approbation in the same words: "*Si vive bene in questo paese!*" When the third entered, and began—"Si vive bene," his companions and the landlord could not refrain from laughing, and the cause being explained, all joined heartily in the merriment."

The museum at Naples contains, among other curiosities, several remains from Pompeii. In reference to these latter Miss Taylor relates an anecdote, constituting another proof, according to the words of Solomon, that there "is nothing new under the sun."

"In one case, amongst many curiosities, were some pills, rather black and flattened, but still easily recognised; we saw also an instrument, of which the following fact is related. A Parisian surgeon of some eminence had expended much time and skill on the invention of a surgical instrument; it had been received by the faculty, and he had obtained a patent for it. When travelling in Italy some years afterwards, he was amazed to find among the relics of Pompeii the identical instrument—constructed perhaps with less care, and finished with less nicety, but formed on the same principle."

Of course, Herculaneum and Pompeii are both visited, and a very entertaining account is here given of them. Some of Miss Taylor's party ascend Vesuvius at the time of an approaching eruption. This was a bold attempt on the part of females; and with her graphic description of the adventure, we are reluctantly compelled to close our account of these most valuable and interesting volumes:

"Before the next day closed, however, we had seen nature in a new and awful form; we had ascended Vesuvius, and witnessed the beginning of a volcanic eruption. Before quitting Naples, we heard reports that an approaching tumult in the morning was anticipated: volleys of smoke ascended from time to time from the crater, or lay curled in clouds on the summit; * * * loud noises too were heard on the mountain, and it was rumoured that fire had been seen by night. Upon reaching the house of Salvalor at Resina, the principal Vesuvius guide, he told us that the mountain was in action, that a new crater had been opened the night before, and was sending forth flames and stones. We speedily mounted our donkeys—poor miserable little creatures, which had already been up the mountain twice during the preced-

ing twenty-four hours—and started full of expectation. * * * In about three quarters of an hour we reached a wide current of lava—that of 1810; it was like a frozen Styx. * * * Our guide pointed out to us the streams of lava of 1819, 1822, and 1833.

"We soon arrived at the foot of the cone, and were obliged to leave our donkeys, and commit ourselves to the mercy of twelve *portantini* or bearers. The soil is so loose, and the ascent so frightfully steep, that no animal except man can find a footing. I do not remember ever in my life to have been so entirely overcome with terror as in the scene which followed. The ladies of our party were placed in small arm-chairs, fastened upon long poles, which the men supported on their shoulders. Imagine what it was to be thus lifted up by twelve men, who sank knee-deep in the ashes at every step, and whose footing was so uncertain and irregular that I was one minute thrown on one side of the chair, and the next flung violently forward, and then as suddenly jerked back again. All the time the men screamed, as Neapolitans only can scream. The *portantini* who were carrying one of my friends fell down all at once, and this was the signal for my bearers to rush past them, yelling with delight; so wild and uncivilized a set of beings you never saw, and the noise they made was something quite unearthly. I completely lost my presence of mind, and in piteous tones besought the men to let me get down and walk; but instead of heeding my entreaties, they only raced on the more desperately.

"When I reached the summit, after having endured this terror for three-quarters of an hour, I sat down, and buried my face in my hands, unable to speak. After a little, when I raised my eyes and looked around, what words can picture to you the scene that presented itself! We were standing on the edge of the large basin, in the centre of which were the craters in action. When all our party were assembled, we followed our guide, and proceeded towards them, scrambling over rocks of hot lava, and stepping across deep chasms, from which rose a hot sulphurous exhalation. I can never forget the feelings of that moment. * * *"

"We stopped on a high point of lava, and looked into the mighty caldron beneath us; loud subterranean noises were heard from time to time—the mountain seemed shaken to its centre; then columns of bright clear flame spouted forth from the crater, succeeded by volumes of dense black smoke; red hot stones and masses of rock were hurled hundreds of feet into the air, some falling back into the crater, while others, dashed into a thousand pieces, were scattered around. After standing on this pinnacle for some time, the guide led the way to the very edge of the crater. I felt that I had seen enough, and begged to be left behind, being indeed too cowardly to venture on; the rest of the party, however, had sufficient courage and curiosity to explore farther. I asked our guide if there was really any danger; he looked at me earnestly, and simply said, "*Signorina gentilissima, ho sei piccolini in casa!*" * * * Could any words have conveyed a stronger assurance than this touching appeal? It gave me courage, and I proceeded with the others. And now we stood beside the crater; and as each volley of smoke and flame subsided, we peeped into the abyss. Then came a hollow fearful sound; the earth beneath us trembled, the smoke and flame again ascended, stones were shot up into the air high above our heads. Suddenly the wind changed, and our position was by no means an enviable one; the smoke and sulphurous vapour were blown towards us, and red hot stones fell in showers around. Every one was now terrified: we fled like a herd of startled deer, and scrambling up the hill as fast as the loose and slippery soil would permit, only turned to look back when we had reached the top. We were now content with a more distant view, and lingered long near the crater, reluctant to leave a spot which we were so unlikely ever to visit again. At length we prepared to descend the mountain." G.

* "Gentle lady, I have six little children at home!" [Perhaps it would be difficult to match this answer for ingenuity, wit, or pathos.—Rev.]

* "One lives well in this country."

Varieties.

Longevity.—There is a French gentleman, of the name of Pouché, now residing in Castle-street, Leicester-square, London, who has reached the patriarchal age of 107. He is in the almost perfect possession of his faculties. See his portrait in the exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Fossil.—An immense fossil elephant, at a depth of twenty feet below the surface, has been just discovered, in the wealden formation of the Marden-hill, at Maidstone, during the excavation of the cutting for the South-Eastern Railway.

Ring the Changes.—One, speaking of the wind, said it was the most changeable thing in the world; "for I went," says he, "up Cheapside in the morning, and it was at my back; and in less than half-an-hour afterwards, when I returned, I found it in my face."

Ancient Manufacture of Iron and Steel in Lancashire.—The manufacture of iron and steel in this county can be satisfactorily traced to the Conquest. Hugh Lupus, one of the Conqueror's generals, had a grant of the country about Cheshire and Lancashire, and established himself at Halton Castle, near Runcorn. He brought with him a body of armourers from Normandy. These were skilful men, and laid the foundation of the fame of this neighbourhood for the manufacture of iron. Tool-making was not unknown then, especially the art of file making.

A woman's heart is "licensed to carry not exceeding one inside."

The man who bit off another man's ear in Charleston has been bound to keep the piece!

Captain Basil Hall.—Letters from Alexandria, on the 24th ult. state, that Captain Basil Hall and family, after having completed their tour to Thebes, in Upper Egypt, proceeded to Syria, and completed no less successfully a visit to the Holy Land, having even, as we hear, made an excursion to the river Jordan and the Red Sea, which is rather an arduous undertaking for ladies and children. This family party of travellers have gone on to Greece and Constantinople, items which, after Upper Egypt and Palestine, must be comparatively easy. Our correspondent adds, what our readers already know, that there is no truth in the report of Captain Hall's boat having been upset. Most people, however, think that he went too late in the season—not so much on account of the heat (as Upper Egypt is always healthy), as on account of the lowness of the Nile. This circumstance rendered the voyage in so large a boat as Captain Hall was obliged to take extremely difficult, and, though not dangerous, very tiresome, on account of the numerous shoals, on which such a boat as alone could commodiously stow a party of seven persons, four being ladies, often stuck fast four hours together.—*Blackburn Standard*. We trust that we may expect a very entertaining record of these Travels, on Captain Hall's return.

Example better than precept.—A father seeing his son doing mischief, cried out, "Sirrah, did you ever see me do so when I was a boy?"

"The Rabbit on the Wall,"—one of the best known of Wilkie's pictures, painted in 1816, has been sold for 700 guineas.

In a country news-room the following notice is written over the chimney:—"Gentlemen learning to spell are requested to use yesterday's paper!"

Afghan Physiognomy.—The Afghans have a science called "Kisfa," and which seems something between phrenology and physiognomy. Not only the eyebrows, nose, and features generally, but even the beard, form the discriminating marks, instead of the bumps of the skull as with our sapient professors; and the result of experience is recorded in sundry pithy axioms, such as the following:—A tall man with a long beard is a fool; a man with a beard issuing from his throat is a simpleton; an open forehead bespeaks wealth and plenty. The science is further developed in various couplets, some of the most curious of which may thus be rendered—He that has red eyes is ever ready to fight; and who has thick lips is a warrior. Hope for liberality from him whose arms are long; and fear not the outrage of one with a thick waist.

Men of small stature are often deceitful; and so are those with deep-seated eyes and thin noses. Those who have soft hair are of good disposition, but those whose locks are hard are otherwise. Open nostrils are proofs of a tyrant; and large teeth of little wisdom. Large ears give hopes of long life; and spare ancles of activity in the race. The man who has the arch of the foot large cannot walk far, but the flattened foot tires not.—*Travels in Cabool*.

Encyclopædia Britannica.—Lord Brougham, in his recent speech on the proposed Copyright Act, observed: "If any work deserved to be encouraged by Parliament, it was this, (the *Ency. Brit.*) and if any work was not only valuable and useful, but absolutely necessary for the country, it was this." The publishers have not failed to tack this exaggerated eulogium to their advertisements, but it will, doubtless, be received à discretion by the public. In repeated references to the work in question, we have found it decidedly inferior to the *Penny Cyclopædia* of the Useful Knowledge Society: for example, compare the article "Cotton Manufacture" in each work.

Muscat.—In the accounts of the presents to the Queen recently received from Zanzibar, the sovereign is again erroneously styled "the Imam" instead of "the Sultan" of Muscat. (See p. 230 of our last volume, in which this error is explained.)

Preston Guild.—A week's guild, commencing September 5, will be held at Preston, according to custom in this borough for upwards of 500 years. The original objects of the guild were for the purpose of renewing and granting freedom to the burgesses; but, like most other municipal meetings of the kind, its principal business has long been festivity, and the privilege of eating and drinking.

Honour to Genius.—The King of Prussia has added a "Peace Class" to the Order of Merit, originally constituted for the army. Among the foreign members are Faraday, Herschel, and Moore. Baron Humboldt is the Chancellor.

The Rose-water of Kashmir is surprisingly fine, but there is nothing extraordinary in the way it is made. The *atar* is procured from treble-distilled rose-water, which is boiled and poured into a basin over night; whilst the rose-water is still hot, the basin is placed two-thirds deep in a running stream, and in the morning the *atar* appears like oil on the surface of the water, and is carefully scraped off with a blade of grass bent in the shape of a Y. It is said that a small bottle of *atar* is the produce of 700 or 800 pounds of rose-leaves.—*Vigne's Travels*.

The Doctor puzzled.—A gentleman who was very lame in one of his legs, without any outward show of any thing, having sent for the surgeon, he, more honest than ordinary, told him it was in vain to meddle with it, for it was only old age that was the cause. "But why, then," said the gentleman, "should not my other leg be as lame as this, seeing that he one is no older than the other?"

Comparative Misery.—One having an extreme bad cough, said: "If one cough be so very troublesome, what would a man do if he had twenty?"

Ardent Spirits.—When ardent spirits are taken into the stomach they cause irritation, evinced by warmth and pain experienced in that organ; and next, inflammation of the delicate coats of this part, and sometimes gangrene. They act in the same manner as poisons. Besides the local injury they produce, they act on the nerves of the stomach which run to the brain, and, if taken in large quantities, cause insensibility, stupor, irregular convulsive action, difficulty of breathing, profound sleep, and often sudden death. The habitual use of ardent spirits causes a slow inflammation of the stomach and liver, which proceeds steadily, but is often undiscovered till too late for relief.—*London Medical and Surgical Journal*.

••• *Answers to Correspondents in the Part now publishing.*

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